

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

AUGUST
No. 64

COMICS

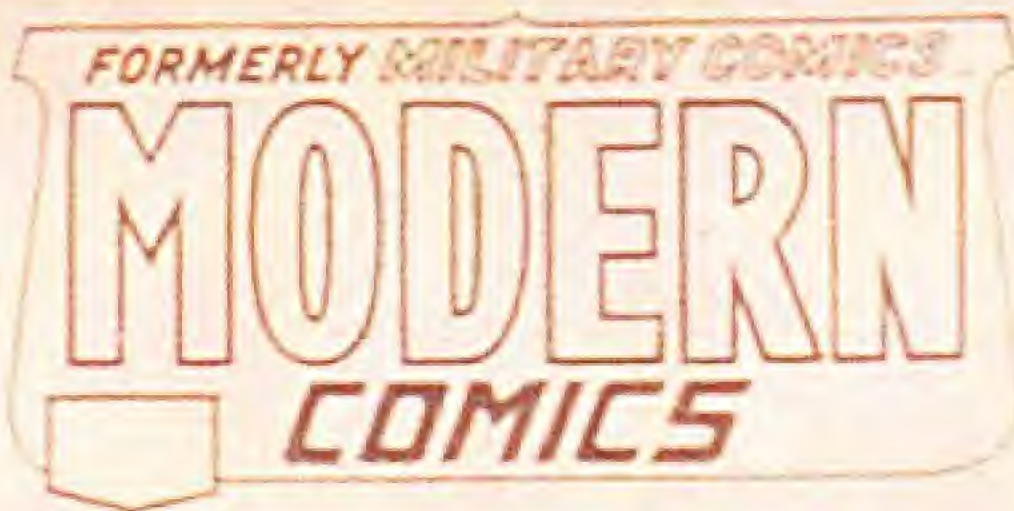
10¢

Blackhawk
battles the
INVADERS FROM
the MOON!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS ^{AND} THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

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Blackhawk

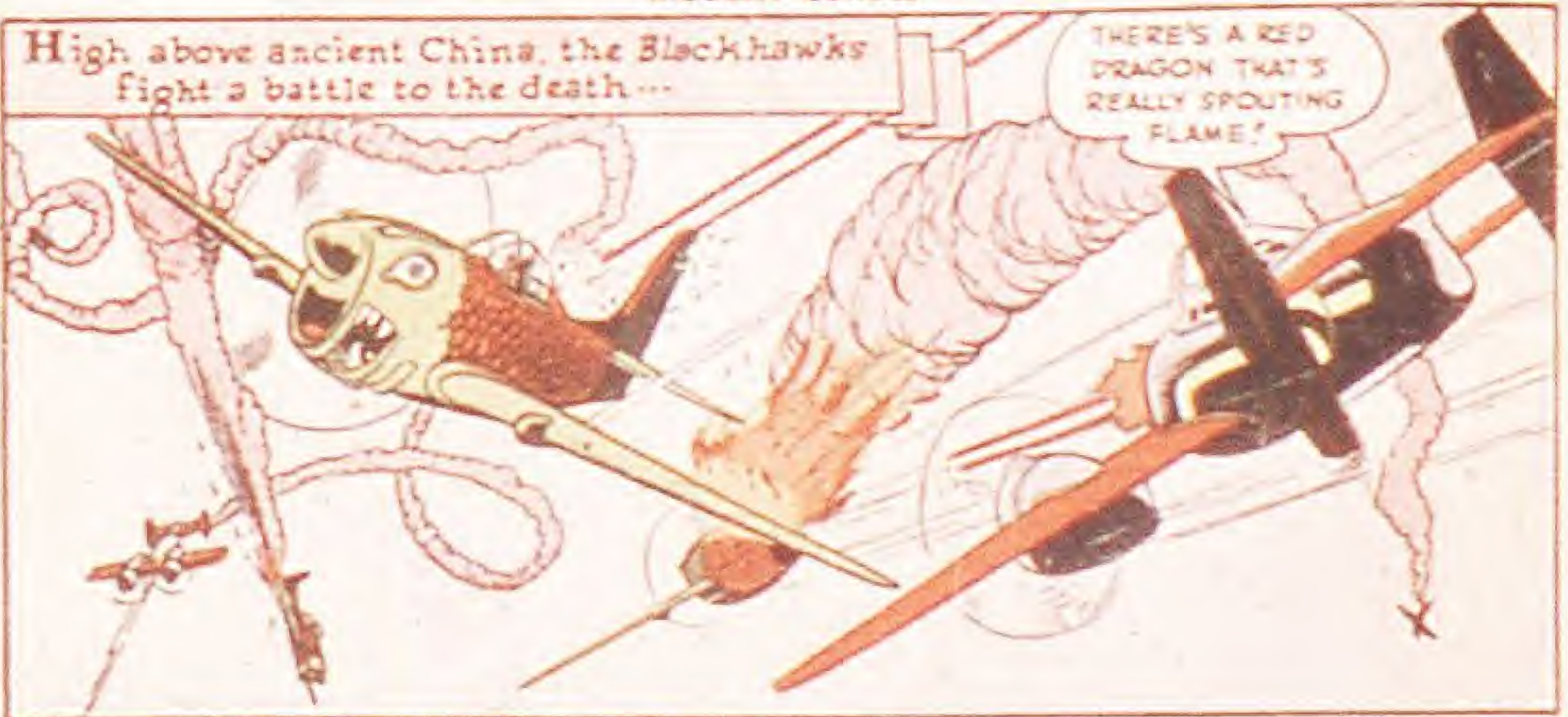


No earthly power can stand
against the perfectly coordinated
attack of the flying, fighting
BLACKHAWKS!

But the Blackhawks, far-famed
knights of the skies, confront
an **unearthly** menace, a
terror from the depths of
space, when they zoom aloft
to battle the
INVADERS from the **MOON!**

High above ancient China, the Blackhawks fight a battle to the death...

THERE'S A RED DRAGON THAT'S REALLY SPOUTING FLAME!



THE OTHERS ARE HIGH-TAILING IT... LIKE PUPPIES WITH THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS! EXIT THE RED DRAGONS!

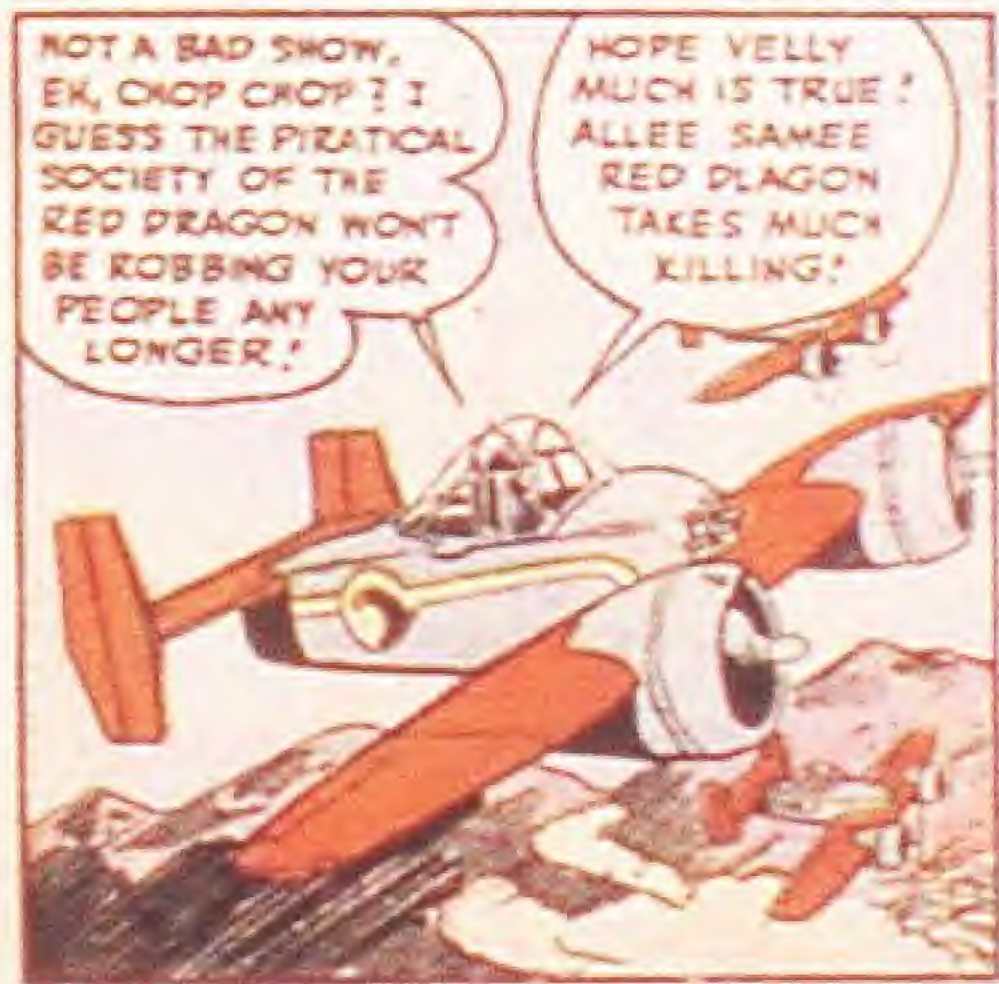


HOLD FORMATION! WE WANT A COUPLE OF SURVIVORS TO GET BACK SO THEY CAN SCARE THE LITTLE RED DRAGONS WHO STAYED HOME!



NOT A BAD SHOW, EK, CHOP CHOP? I GUESS THE PIRATICAL SOCIETY OF THE RED DRAGON WON'T BE ROBBING YOUR PEOPLE ANY LONGER!

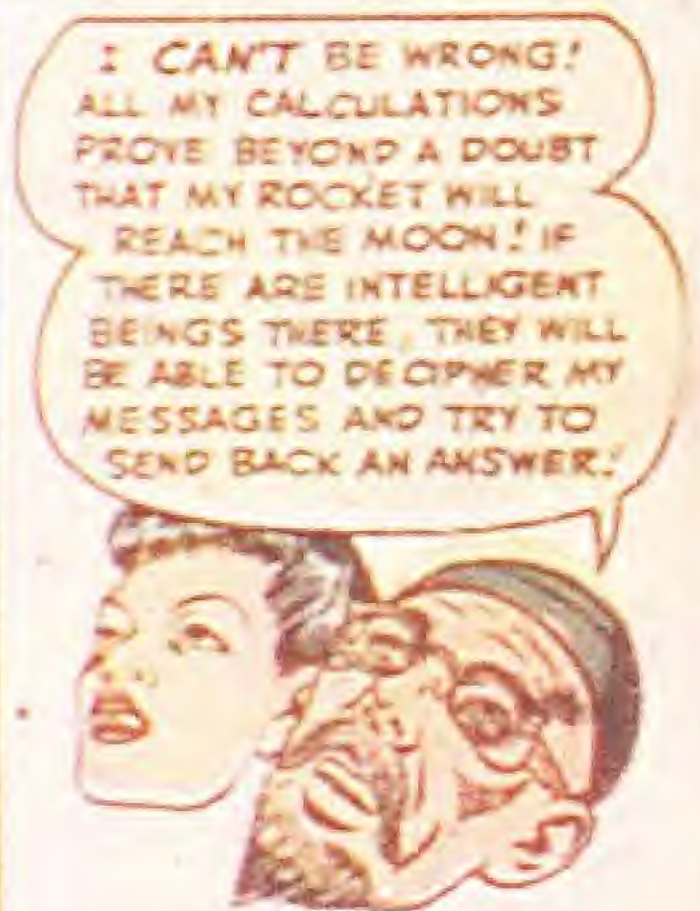
HOPE VELLY MUCH IS TRUE! ALLEE SAMEE RED DRAGON TAKES MUCH KILLING!



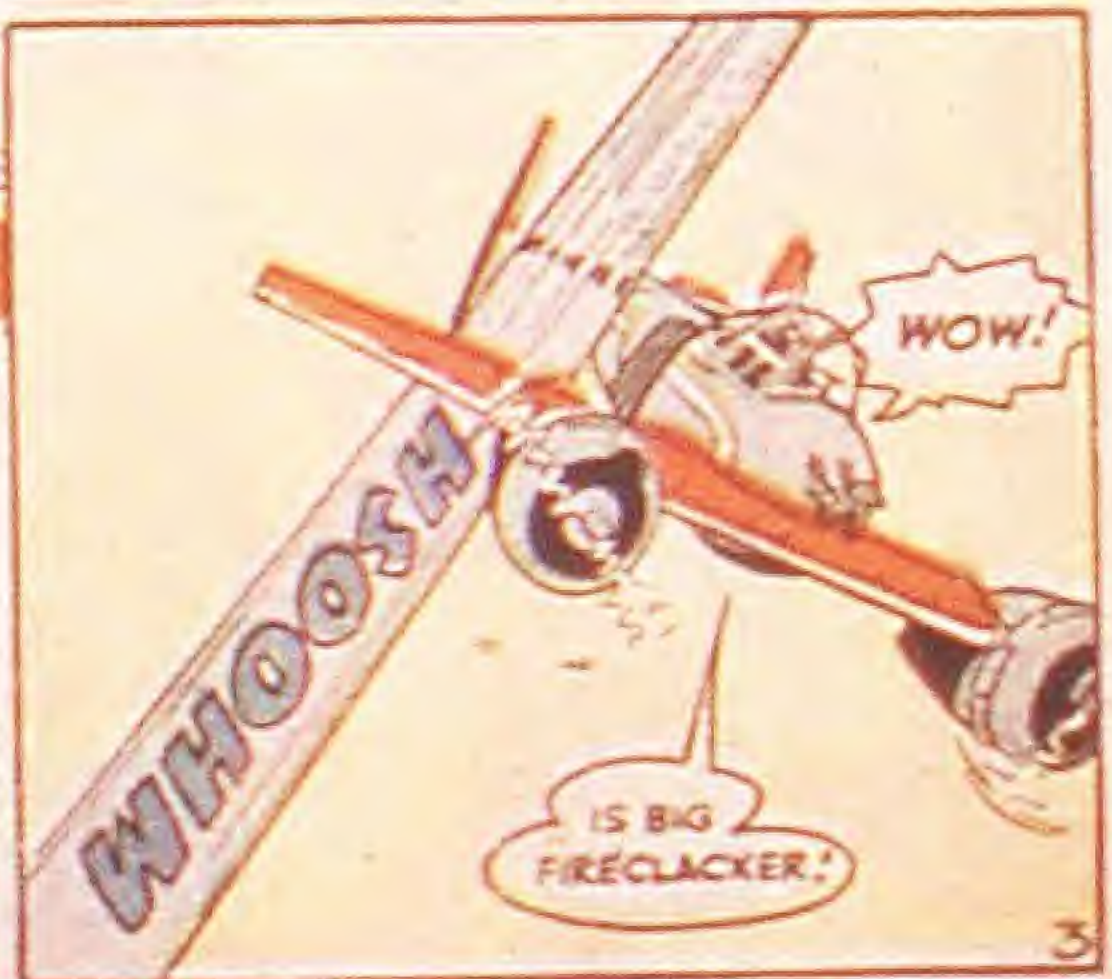
MAYBE RED DRAGON LIVE SOME MORE! BUT HE IS VELLY SICK DRAGON FROM NOW ON, YOU BETCHA MY LIFE!

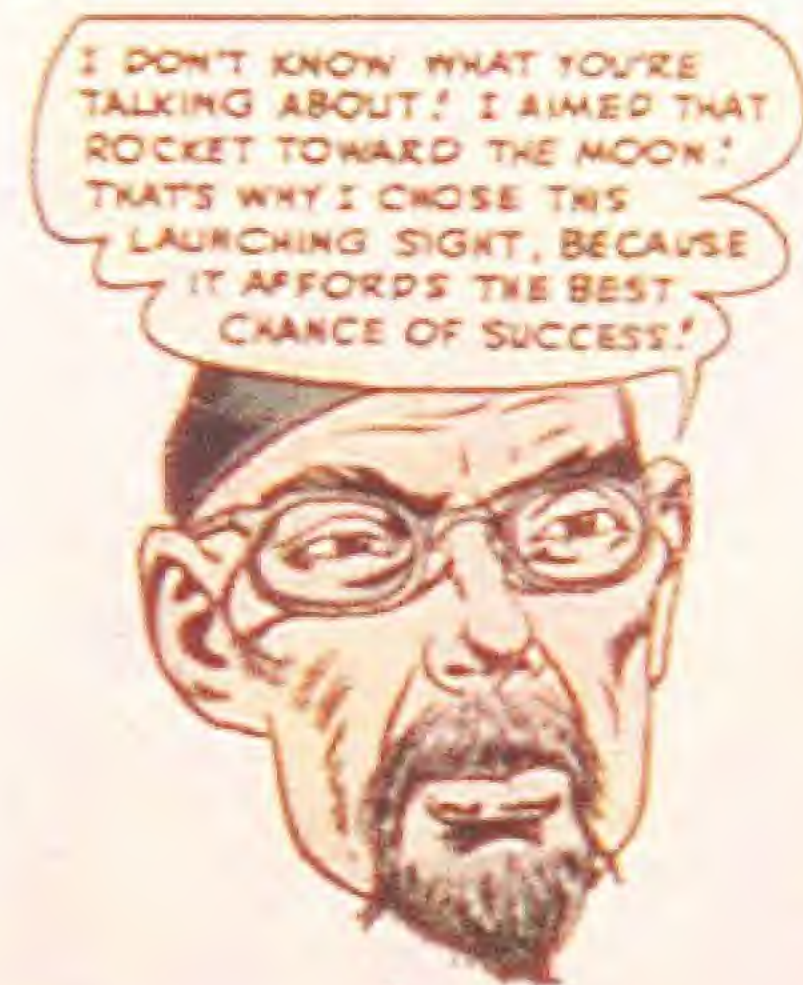
THE RED DRAGON SOCIETY HAS BEEN A BAND OF OUTLAWS AND MURDERERS FOR CENTURIES! BUT THEY'LL NOT BE SWITCHING THEIR TAILS SOON AGAIN! THEY'VE 'LOST FACE' AND NOBODY WILL BE AFRAID OF THEM ANYMORE!



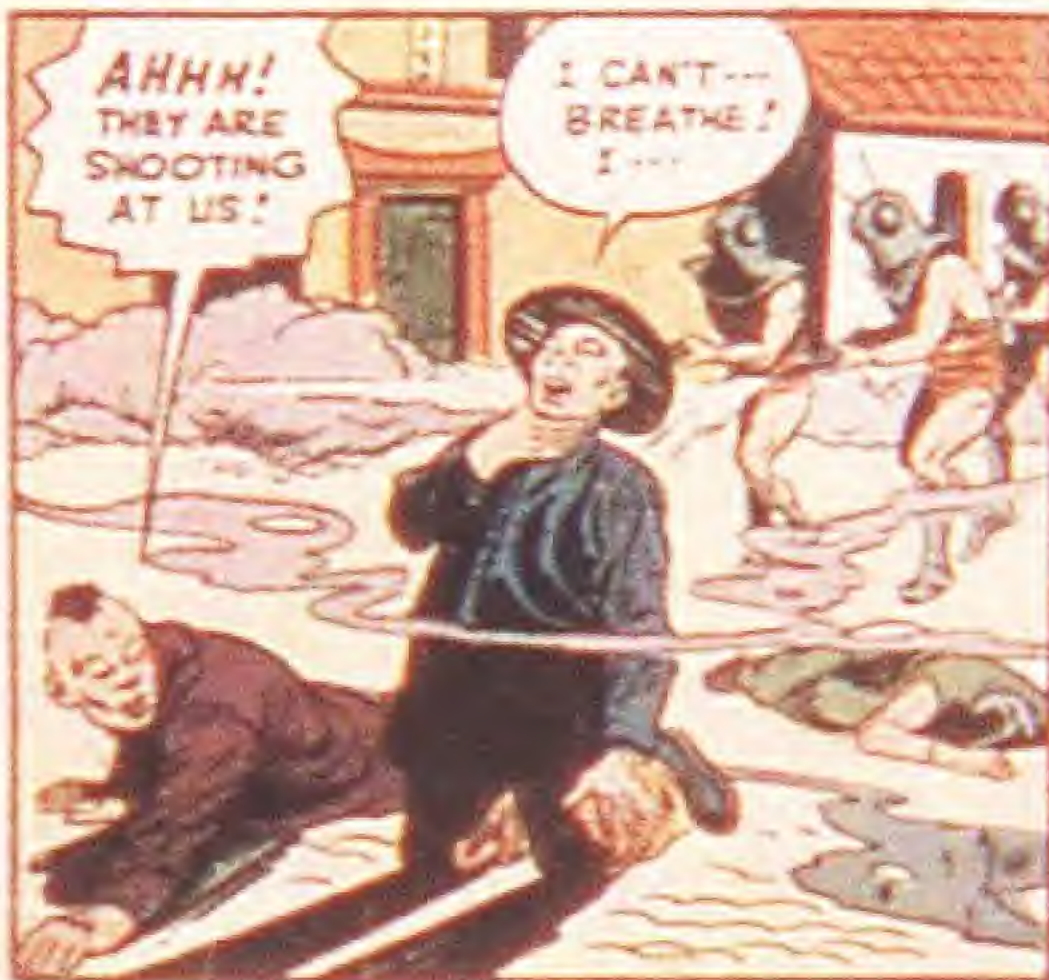


Twenty thousand feet above the launching site...

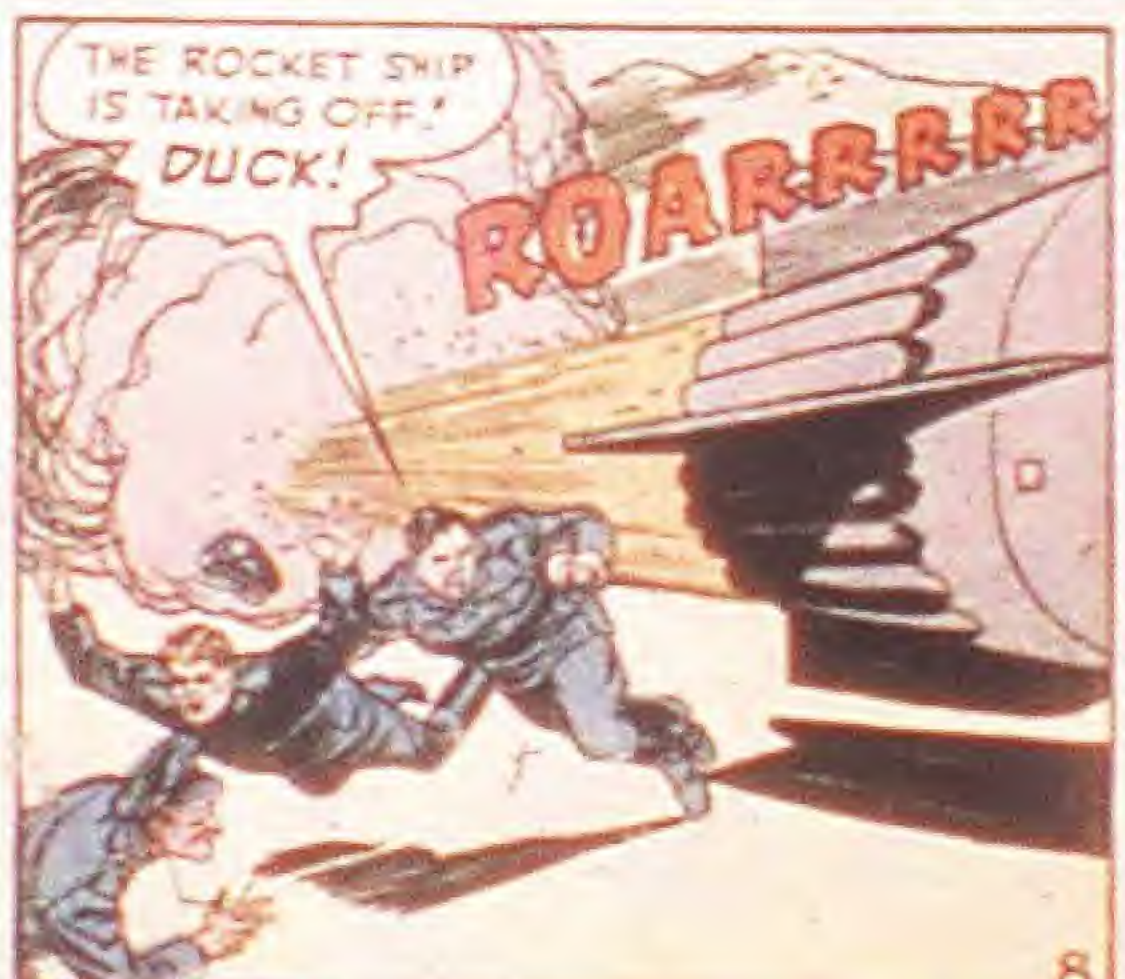


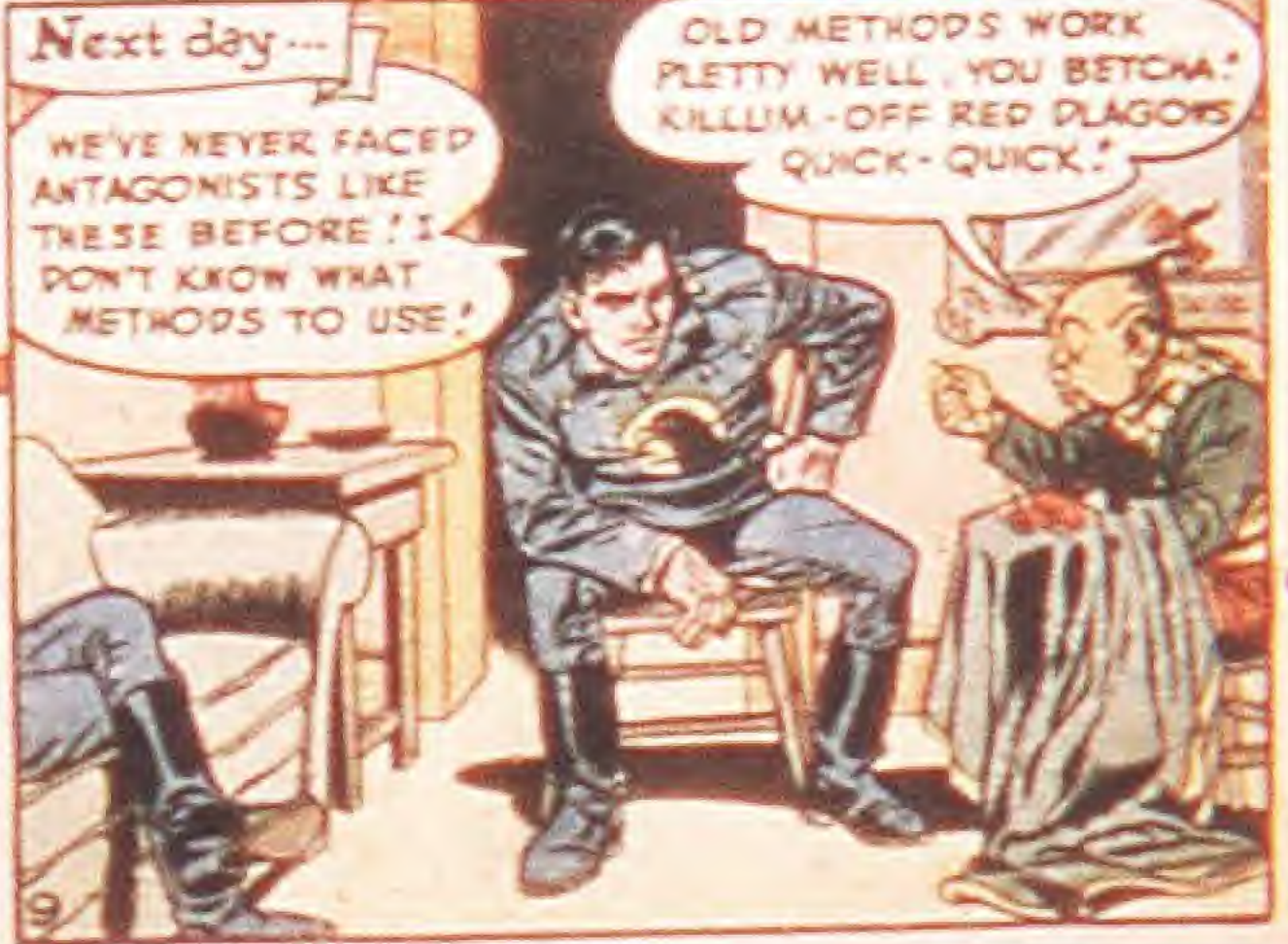


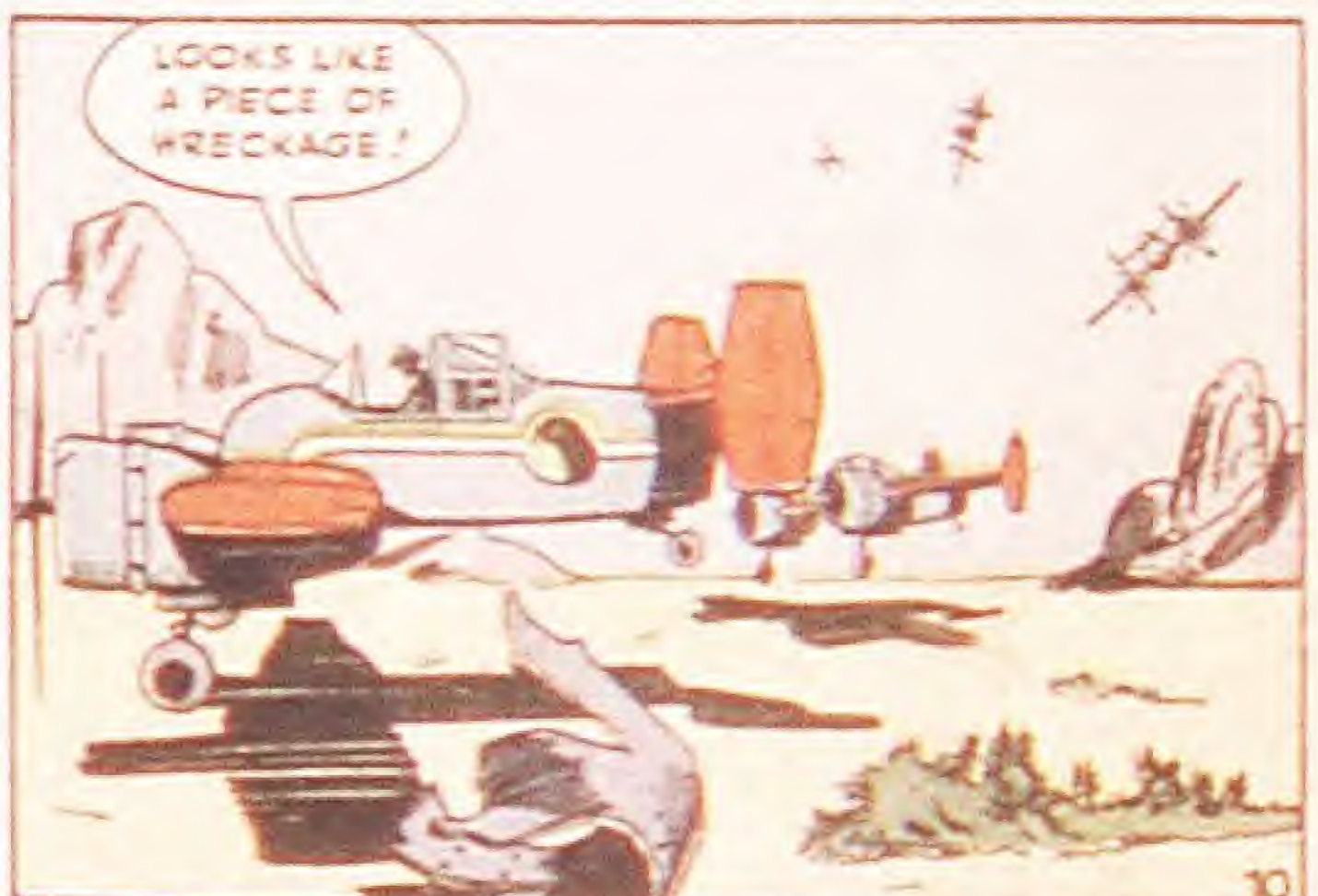


















THE OTHERS ARE DEAD! BUT I'LL ESCAPE!



OH, GLACIOUS ME!



MISSY NOT VELLY GOOD PILOT! THIS HUMBLE PERSON THINK SHE IS DEAD! TOK! TOK!



Later...

WELL, HE LIVE, PROFESSOR?

YES, BUT HE'LL BE A VERY SICK FELLOW FOR A WHILE! LUCKILY, HE COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS AND DIDN'T GET THE FULL EFFECTS OF THE GAS!



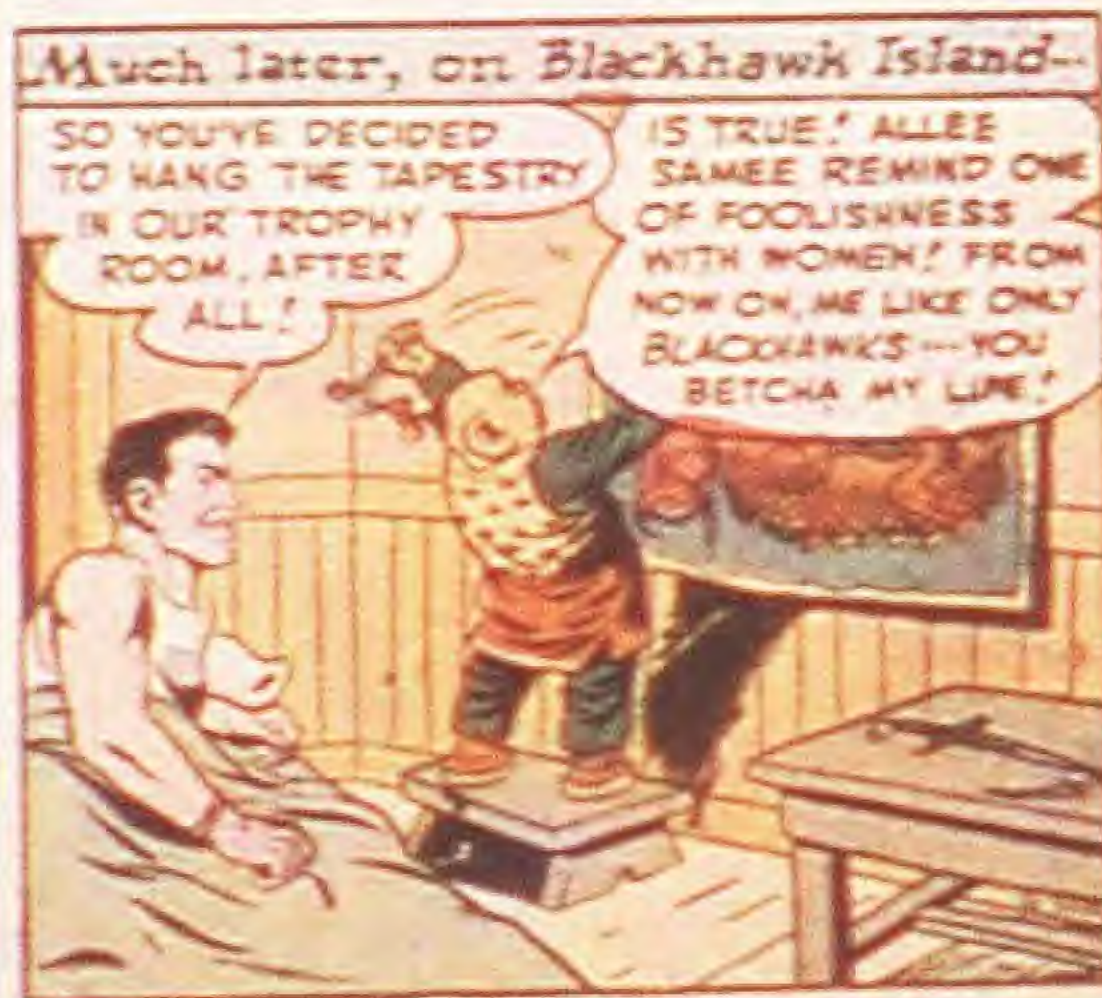
WE'D ALL BE DEAD, IF YOU HADN'T ARRIVED IN TIME! IT WAS A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE!

EET WAS NOT A COEINCIDENCE! WE WERE PATROLLING THIS TERRITORY VEREE CAREFULLY! AND WREN WE SAW ZE RED DRAGON INSEGNIA, WE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG!



ONLY NOW WE DEESCOVER ZAT OROP OROP WAS FLYING EET AS ZE KITE TO WARN US!

IS ONE VELLY CLEVER PERSON TO THINK OF SUCH IDEA, YOU BETCHA LIFE! IS LUCKY I BLING ALONG SILK TAPLESTLY FOR TO GIVE MEI LING!

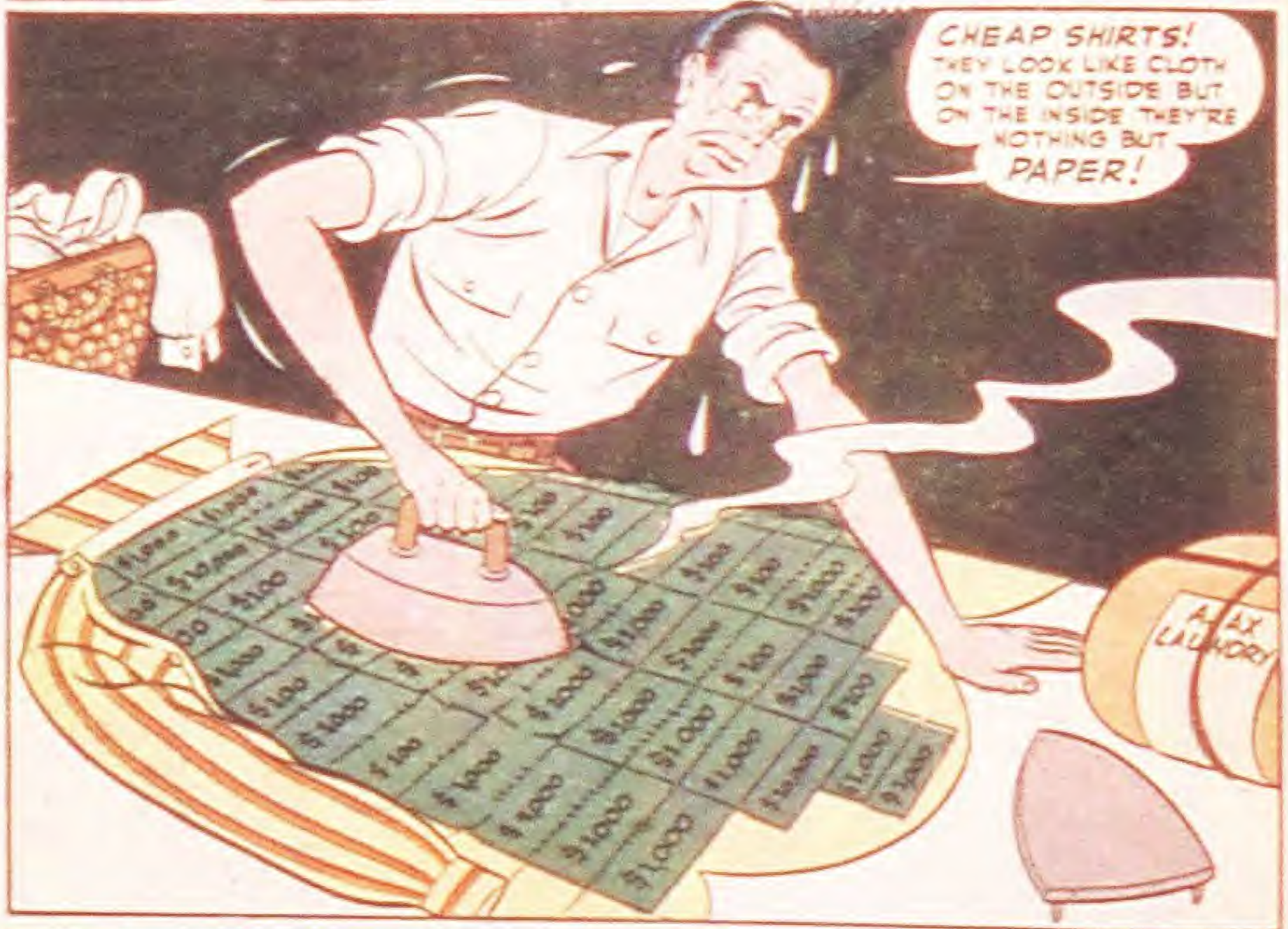


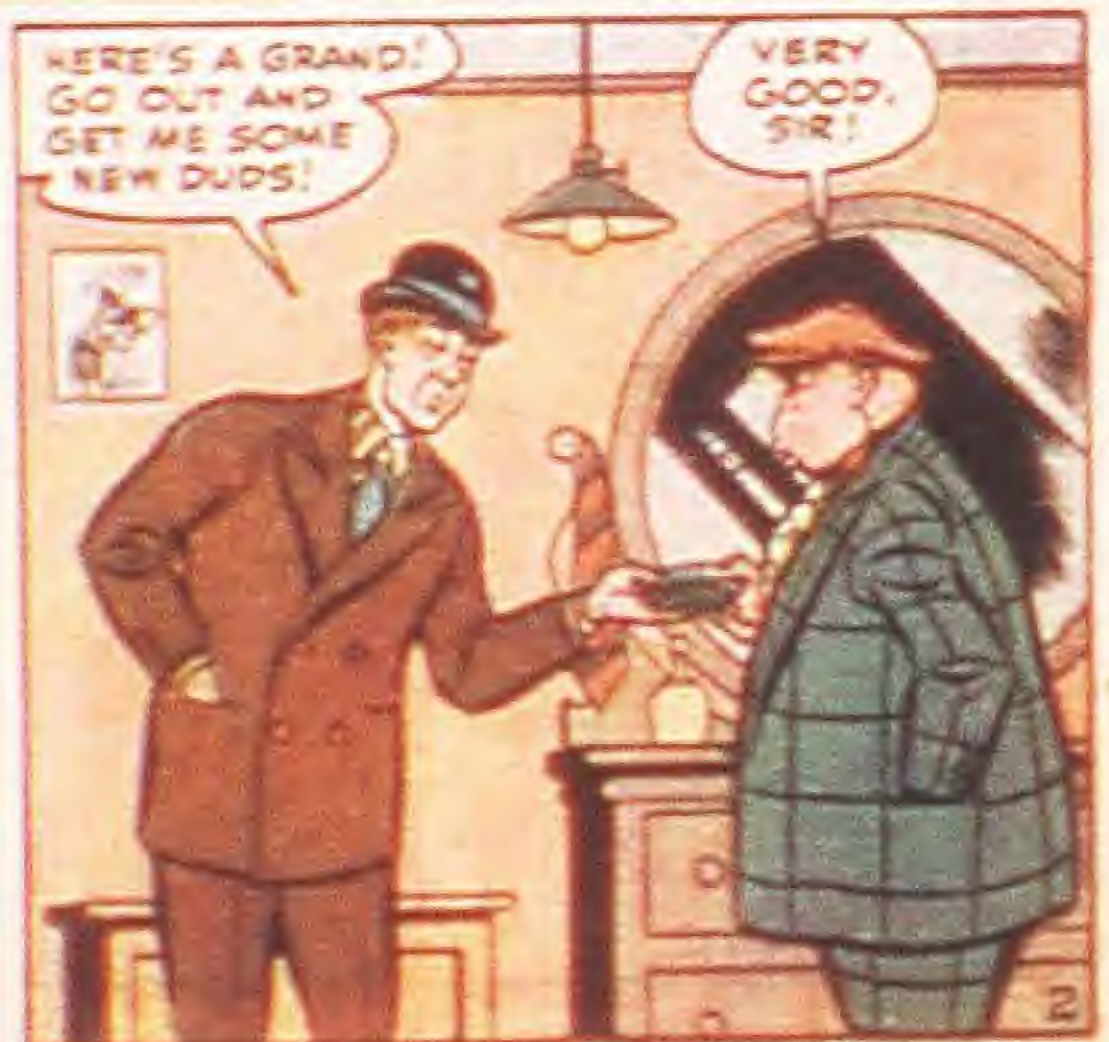
Much later, on Blackhawk Island--

SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO HANG THE TAPESTRY IN OUR TROPHY ROOM, AFTER ALL!

IS TRUE! ALLEE SAMEE REMIND ONE OF FOOLISHNESS WITH WOMEN! FROM NOW ON, WE LIKE ONLY BLACKHAWKS---YOU BETCHA MY LIFE!

DOOGTAG













Torchy



EITHER
WAY, I
LOSE!

SHE'S
MINE!

SHE'S
MINE!

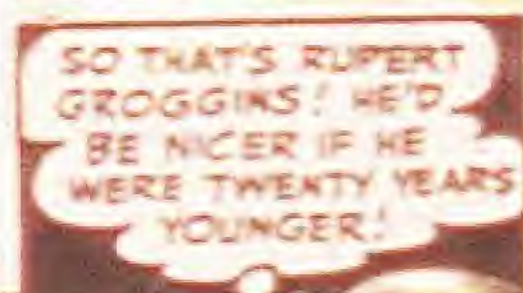


THE BALLY ADVERTISING AGENCY
WANTS BATHING SUIT MODELS,
AND I CAN USE THE
EXTRA MONEY!



YOU'LL DO, MISS TODD! PLEASE
WAIT WITH THE OTHER GIRLS
UNTIL WE'RE READY
FOR YOU!







TERRIFIC!
HOLD IT!



MANILAYO!
IT'S
MANILAYO!

MR. GROGGINS—
PLEASE—WE'VE
ONLY SHOT ONE
PICTURE!



AT LAST I'VE
FOUND YOU
AGAIN,
MANILAYO!
OK, MANILAYO,
MY BELOVED!

HUH?

PLEASE, MR. GROGGINS,
GET OUT OF THE
WAY!



THIS TIME YOU SHALL
BE MINE, AND NOBODY
WILL STOP ME! NO! THERE
IS NO DANDROLD TO
STEAL YOU
FROM ME
NOW!

HEY, PUT
ME DOWN!
HELP!



HE'S
KIDNAPPING
HER!



TO MY LAIR,
ABERCROUBIE!

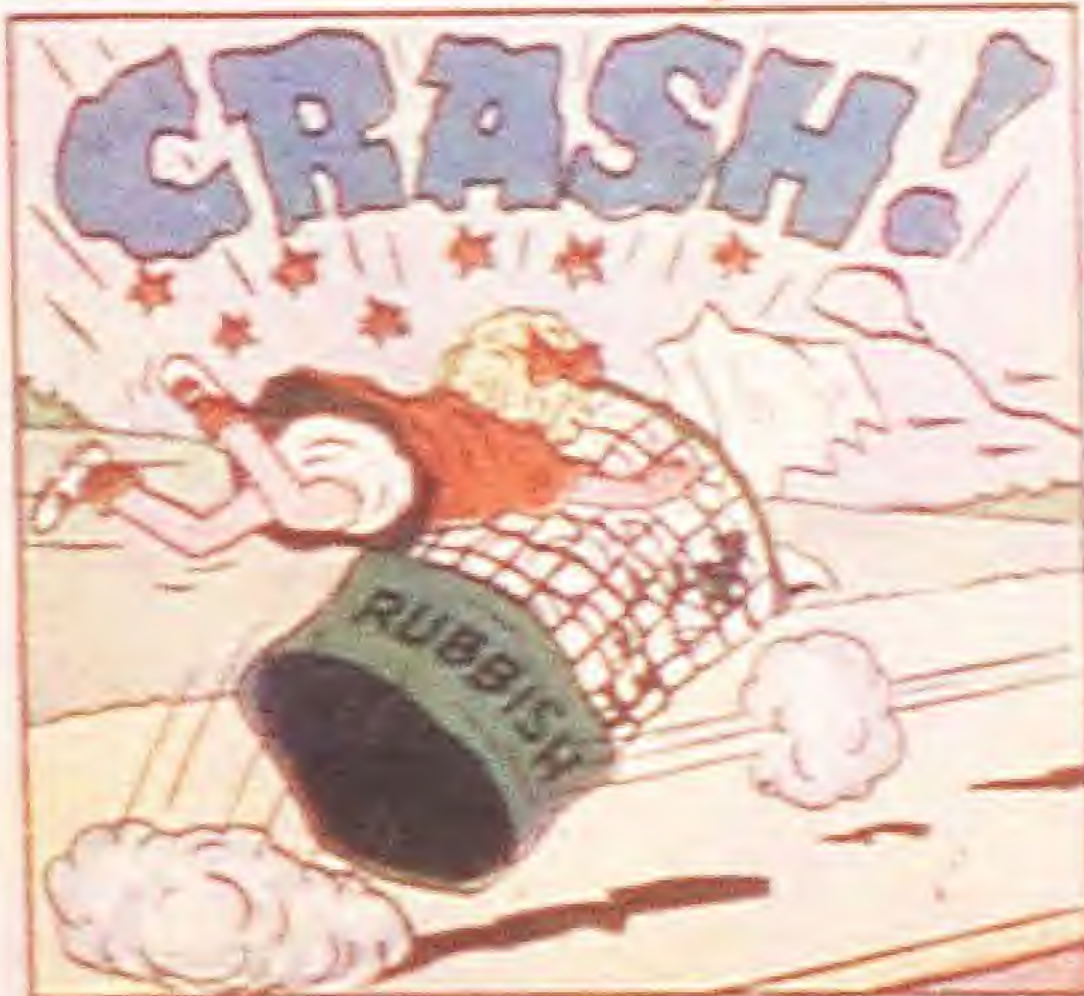
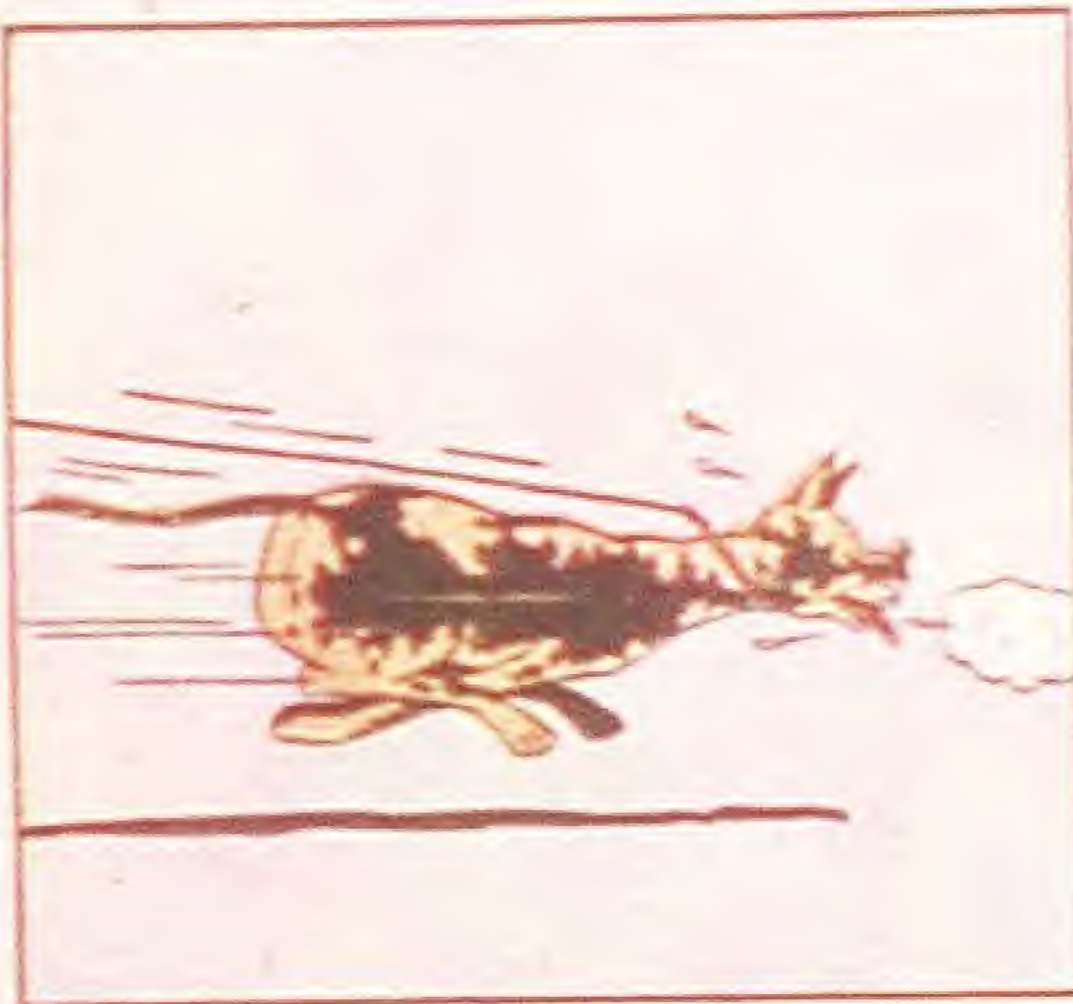
VERY
GOOD,
SIR!







PRUDENCE

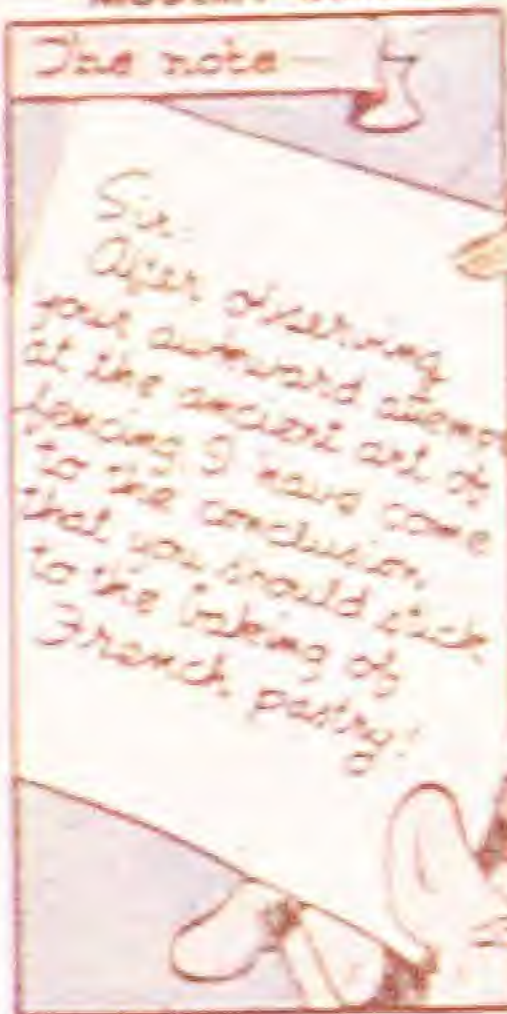


EZRA

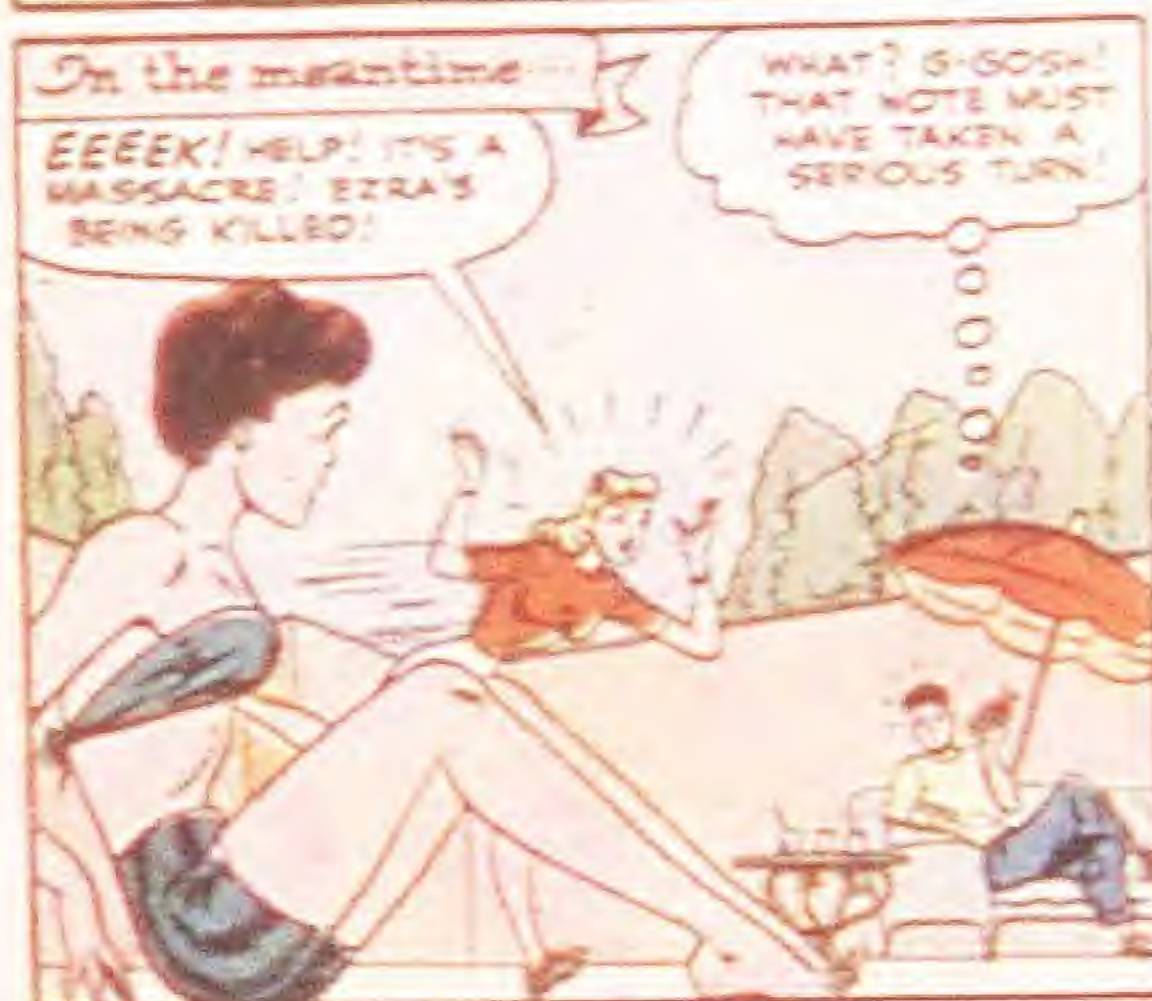








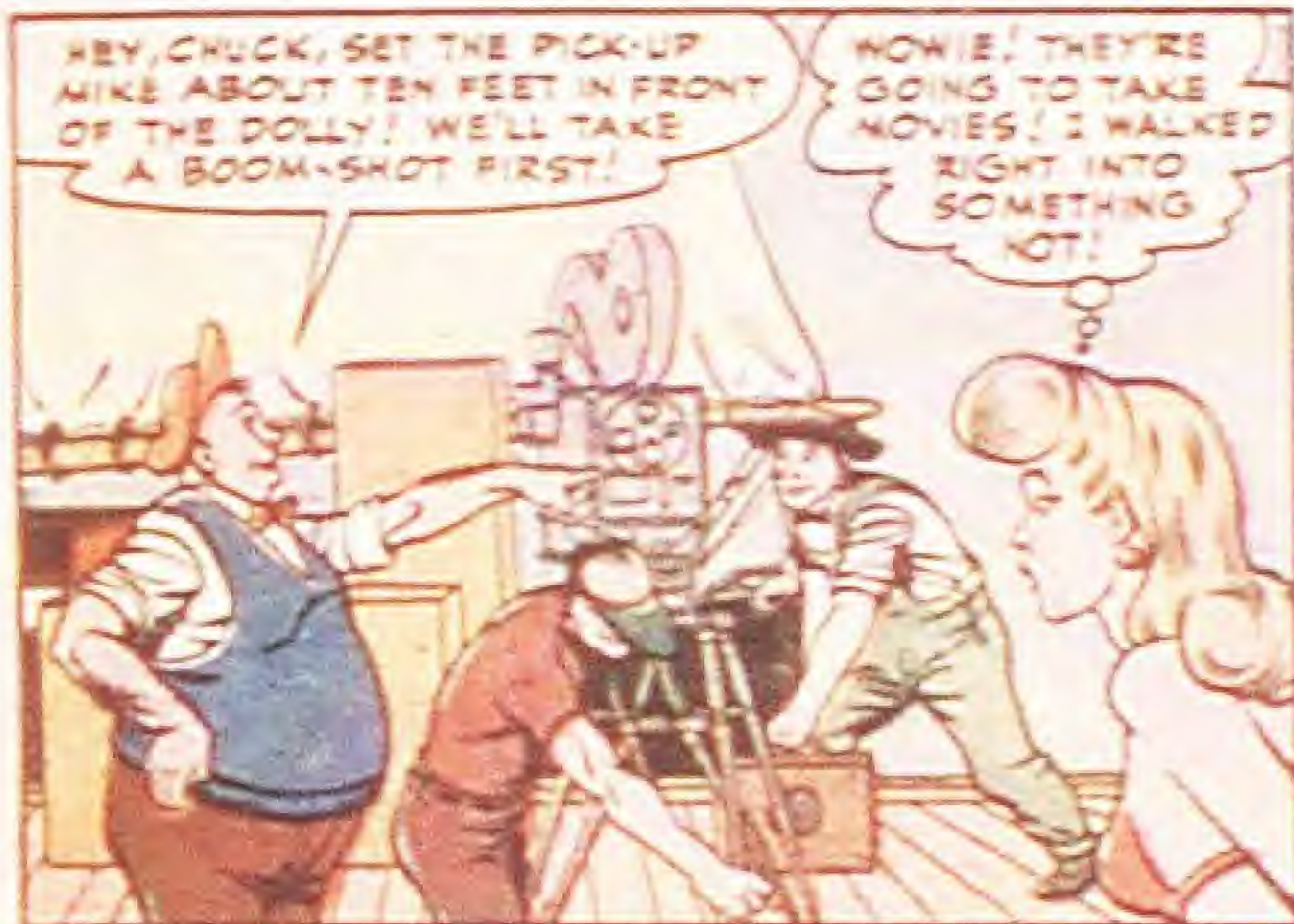




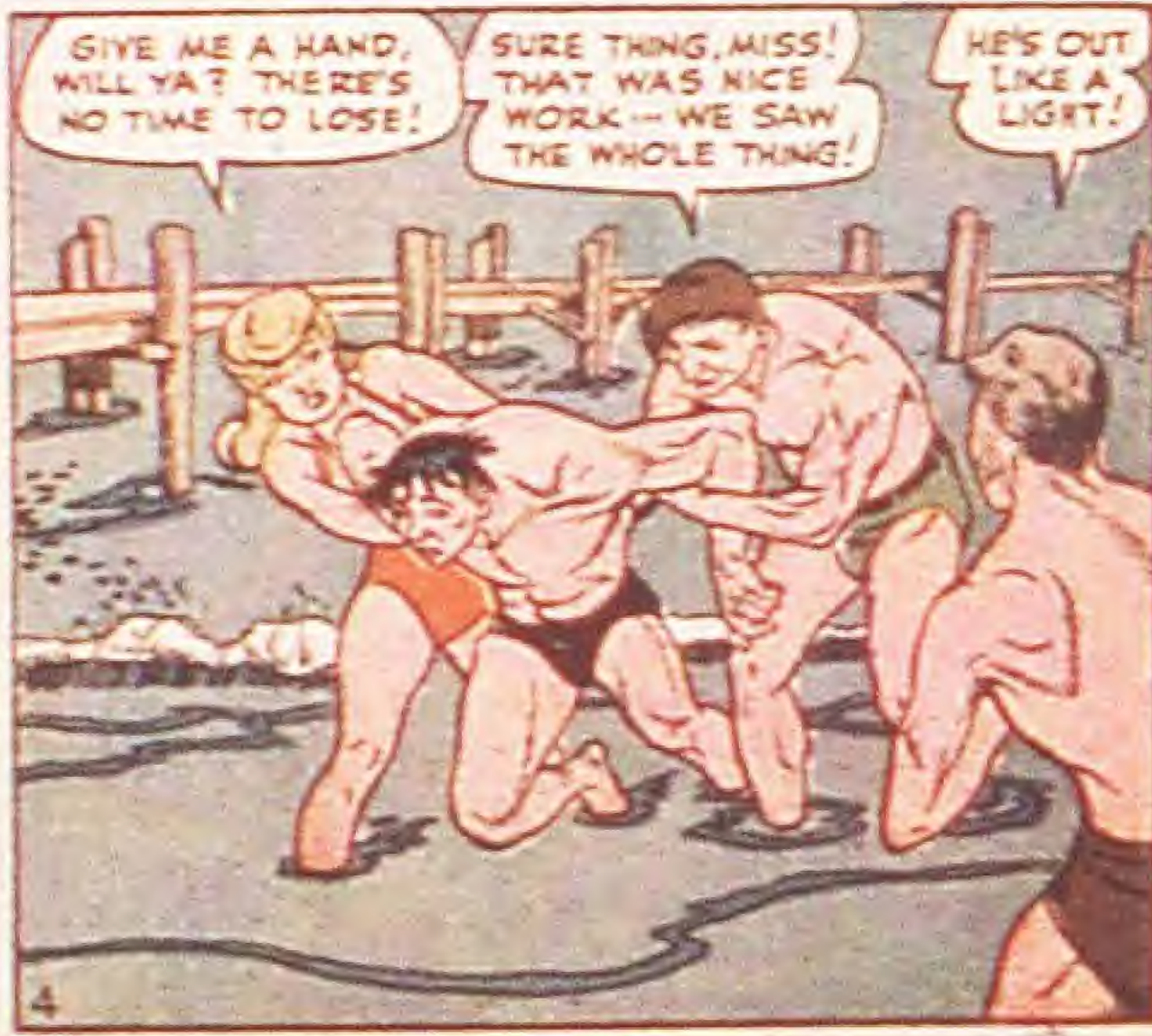
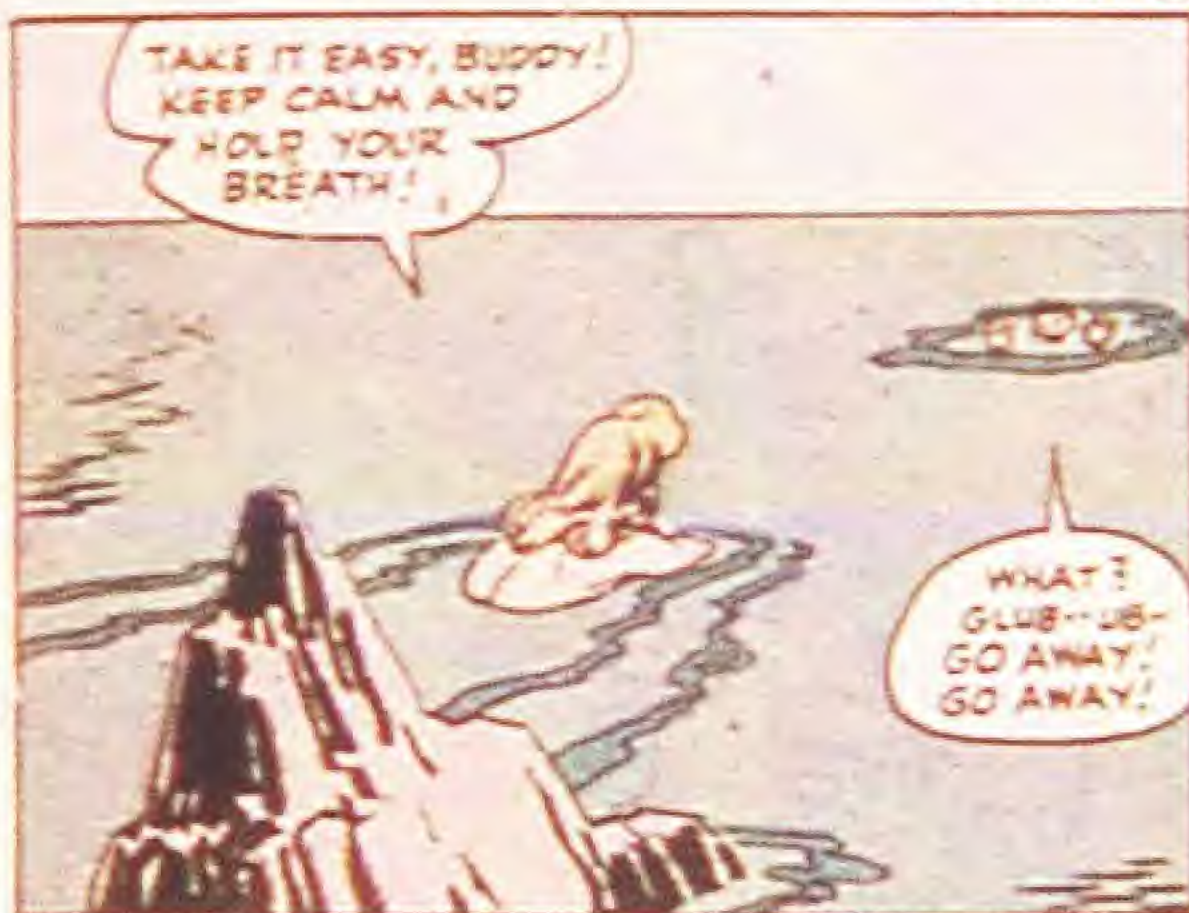


Choo Choo













STRANGE VIGIL

NO one in Kenya could remember how long old Kona had squatted beside the river. For ten years—twenty perhaps—he had sat thus on the bank of the Little Kenya, his beady old eyes watching every body that crossed the government bridge.

There was nothing ominous about old Kona, except perhaps the fact that both his hands were off at the wrists. The story was that an English planter who had once owned Kona had had his hands lopped off for some minor crime.

Kona sat, day and night, keeping his little fire going, eating when he was hungry, drinking from a goatskin bag whenever he was thirsty.

Old Kona had at least two wives who kept his tiny farm in order. This farm, hardly an acre, lay not far from the river bank. It contained a hut, a spring, six sheep, two goats and a dozen chickens.

The withered old wives planted maize, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and barley. Much of this provender they dried at harvest against the long rainy season. They kept Kona supplied with food and drink without the necessity of his leaving his river bank spot.

Old Kona neither seemed happy nor despondent. So many years he had squatted in the same spot that he was a part of the very soil.

But who knew what thoughts roved through that crafty old brain? Who could read the things that went on behind that wrinkled dome of a head?

Kona's eyes told nothing. Nor did Kona's mouth. He would speak when spoken to by those who knew him. That was all. Sometimes he chanted an old war song to while away the time as he dreamed under the sun.

During the rainy season, Kona threw up a bit of goatskin as a covering for himself while the rain roared down in great torrents. The damp didn't seem to bother his ancient bones.

Many friends had Kona. Odd friends they

were, such as a speckled duck that visited him on occasions, a small monkey that came often and would sit and chatter as if he were indeed talking to the old man. And there was a dirty, shaggy old hyena, boss of all the white settlers, thief of the plains, scavenger of carrion, who would infrequently slink up to the old man and sit panting while he stared with distrustful eyes at Kona.

All these things Kona took in his stride—as his squat, if you prefer.

But why did he sit there on the river bank day after day, night after night? No one knew. Only Kona. Was he waiting for something? Someone? How could anyone give his entire life to such a vigil?

These things were Kona's secrets and he told no one.

Once a great plain fire swept down over the flat barley and rye fields of Little Kenya, burning scores of natives' huts, wiping out a whole season's crop of badly needed grain. The flames came up to Kona's squatting place, very close, but not quite close enough to make him move.

Luckily, the fire swept around his farm. For a time Kona's wives made a good thing out of selling produce to the famished natives who had lost all in the fire. They charged double and triple prices, being crafty like their husband.

Kona never sold anything. He had nothing to sell. Often visitors, Europeans mostly, would toss him a coin or two, thinking he was a beggar.

Kona would blink his eyes once, pick up the gratuities and nod solemnly. Folk figured that old Kona had quite a nest egg hidden away.

It was worth a few coins to see Kona pick up such small things as coppers. He must use both wrist stumps, which he was very clever in doing. Kona would often smoke long cigarettes which his wives rolled, holding the thing between his two wrists.

When Matthew Craty arrived in Kenya, he

put up at the best hotel. Matthew lived alone. He was a dominating, brutal man, kind and with no good word for anybody. Africa was his, that was his attitude. And Matthew owned quite a slice of Africa, at that. For many years he had been a successful planter. He had owned many slaves. He hated them, beat them unmercifully, and worse.

If you want to go back twenty odd years, before Matthew Cristy had become such a power in planters' circles, you might see a younger, sun-baked man of thirty. Each day he mounted a frisky horse and rode over the miles of his great plantation, shouting at his overseers, ordering floggings of the slaves for the merest provocation.

He was loud and lewd, and feared neither man nor devil. Whenever his natives wished to hold some harmless ceremony, Matthew was the one who rode among them with a terrible lash and flogged right and left.

"None of that heathenish bunk here!" he'd roar. "Get on with your work, or I'll cut your hide from your backs!"

The natives naturally hated him. But what could they do? He bought them from the Arab slavers who yearly drove a long queue of stolen blacks up from the Gamboons or Natal.

One day one of his young women who served his table dropped a rather fine china jug containing ice water. It smashed to bits. Cristy roared and grabbed his knout. The poor girl fell to her knees and began pleading for mercy.

Cristy laid on with the steel-nibbed thong, quickly cutting through the girl's light dress and ripping her back to a bloody pulp.

Her screams brought a young man leaping at Cristy. He grabbed the whip, throwing it across the room. The terrified young man cried out in the Gullah tongue that he'd rather die than have his sister beaten to death.

"You've asked for it, you fool!" shouted Cristy. He drew his pistol and shot the young man dead.

The girl, sobbing and moaning on the floor, was gathered up by other slaves and carried to

her bed. Cristy ordered that the care was to be given her, no salves or ointments put on her raw back. She died in three days, from infection.

The father of the two murdered children said nothing. He went about morosely, muttering to himself, hating his master with a bitter hatred that boded ill for that party. One day Cristy missed a revolver from his study wall. The old man had been in there dusting only a few minutes before. Cristy ordered him to produce the gun. The old man refused, claiming he had not stolen it.

And then, before all the slaves, who had been summoned from the fields purposely, Cristy had the old man's hands chopped off.

The old man disappeared soon afterward and Cristy never saw him again. But he found his revolver the next day, in one of his own pockets hanging in a closet. He had put it there himself.

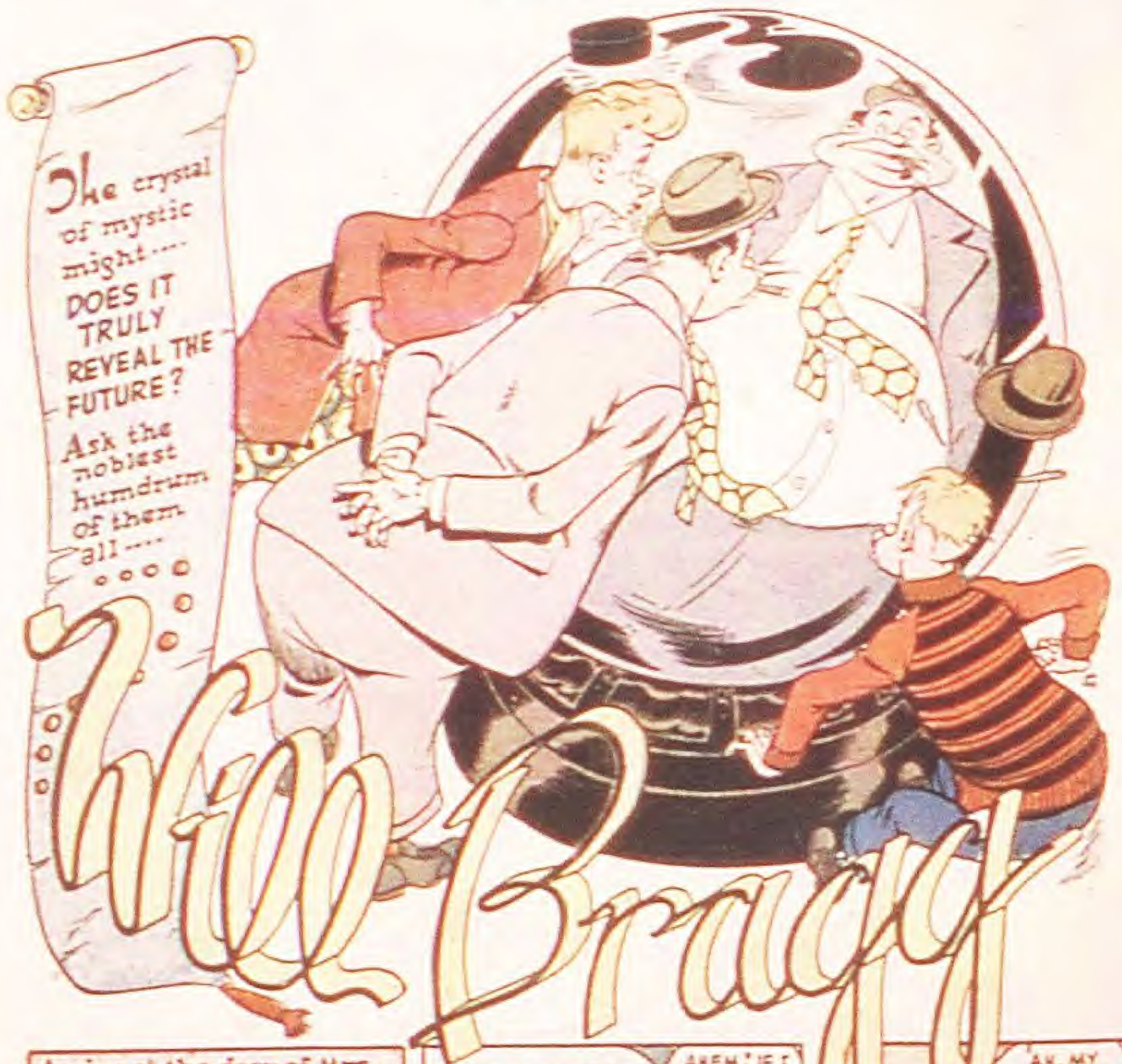
Cristy had gone to England a few years later to enjoy some of his wealth. Now he was back, to look over his great plantation which had been placed in the hands of an overseer.

The night he arrived in Kenya, putting up at the best hotel, there were few who recognized him, or if they did, made no move to show it. Cristy was not liked by anyone, because of his cruelty toward his slaves. The story of his fearful savagery to the old man, who was blameless, had never been forgotten.

Cristy set out for his plantation on a hired mule. He went alone, as he always did, a menacing expression on his face. He rode slowly. As he drew near the bridge over the stream where old Kona sat, he lashed with his riding crop at some children playing near the approach.

Kona stiffened, watching. Cristy began his ride across the bridge. There was no one else on it. When he was in the middle a terrific explosion lifted the bridge high and a gout of flame leaped from the bank on Kona's side of the river. The shattered bridge settled back in the water. Of Cristy there was nothing remaining.

Kona had pulled a hidden wire, which no one ever found. Kona had paid his old enemy in full.



A ring at the door of Mrs. Mahoulahan's boarding house...and a call for Effy!

SIGN HERE FOR A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AND A PACKAGE!

I'M SOOOOOO EXCITED!



FROM A LAWYER! MY SECOND COUSIN RIPSTITCH DIED IN THE ORIENT...THEY'RE SENDING ME HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION! WHAT CAN BE IN THIS PACKAGE?

AREN'T IF I MAY SUGGEST, EFFY... OPEN IT AND SEE!

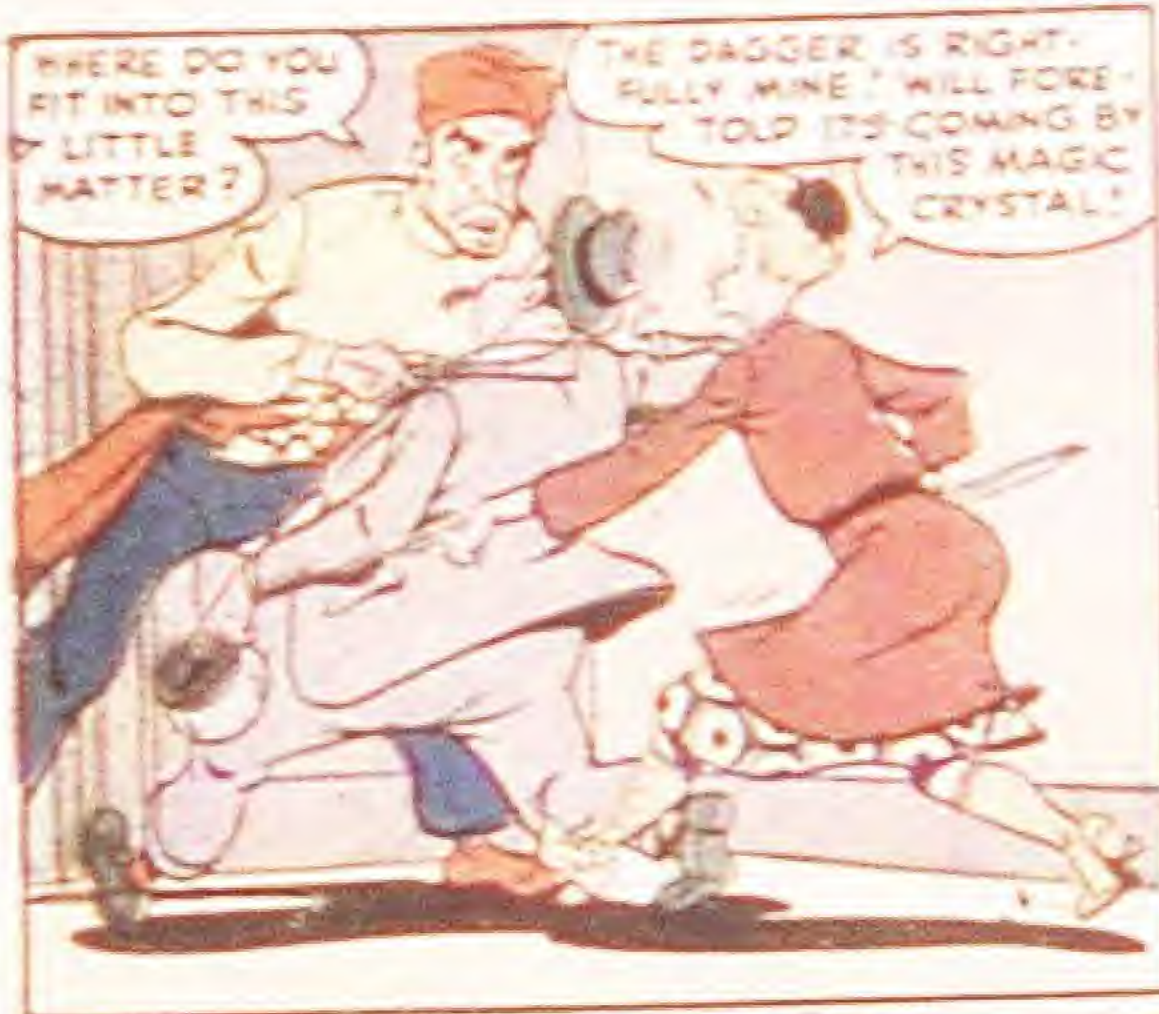


Oooo, ALL THE WAY FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST! I NEVER SAW SUCH A THING!

AH, MY OWN TRAVELS IDENTIFY THIS STRANGE OBJECT! IT IS A MAGIC CRYSTAL- IN ITS DEPTHS THE TRAINED OBSERVER CAN SEE THE FUTURE!

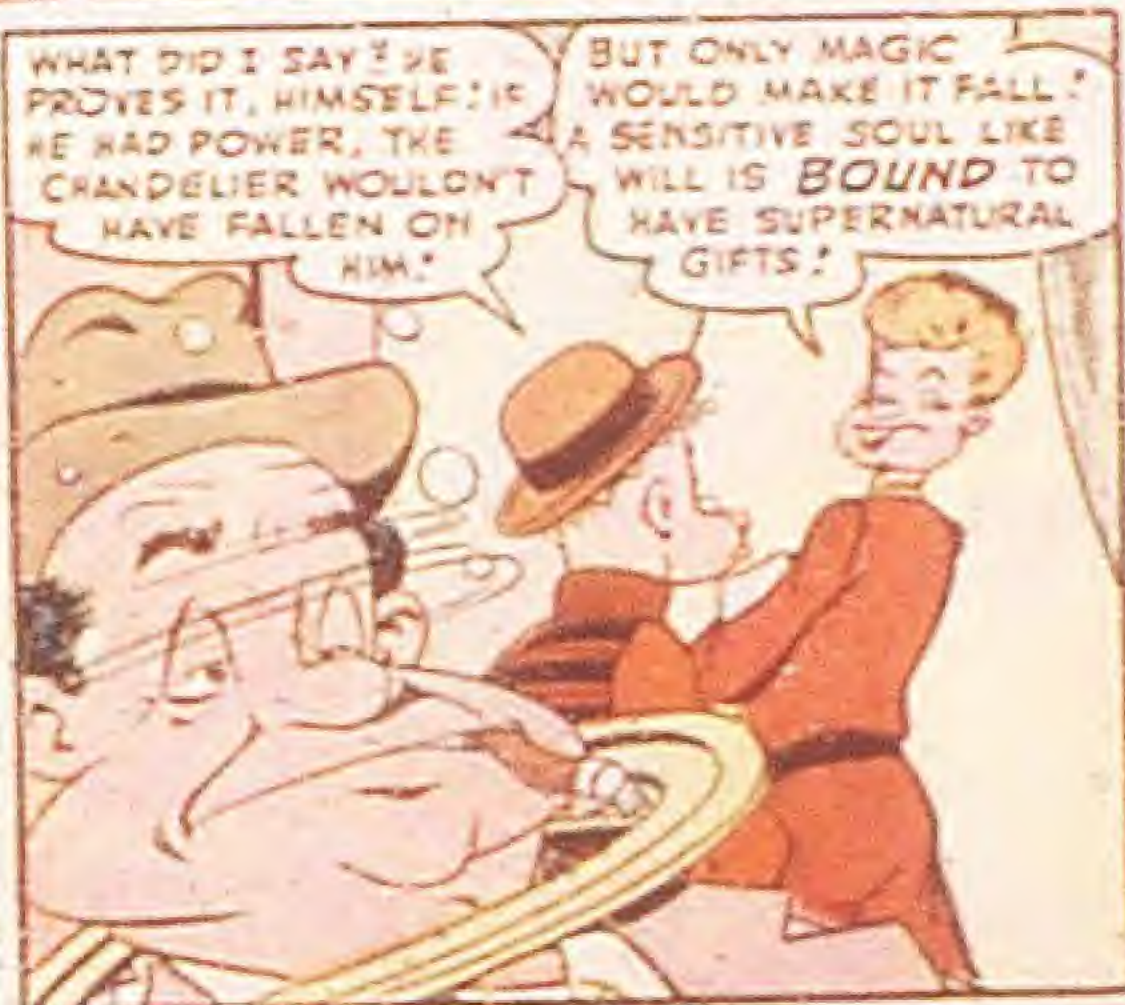
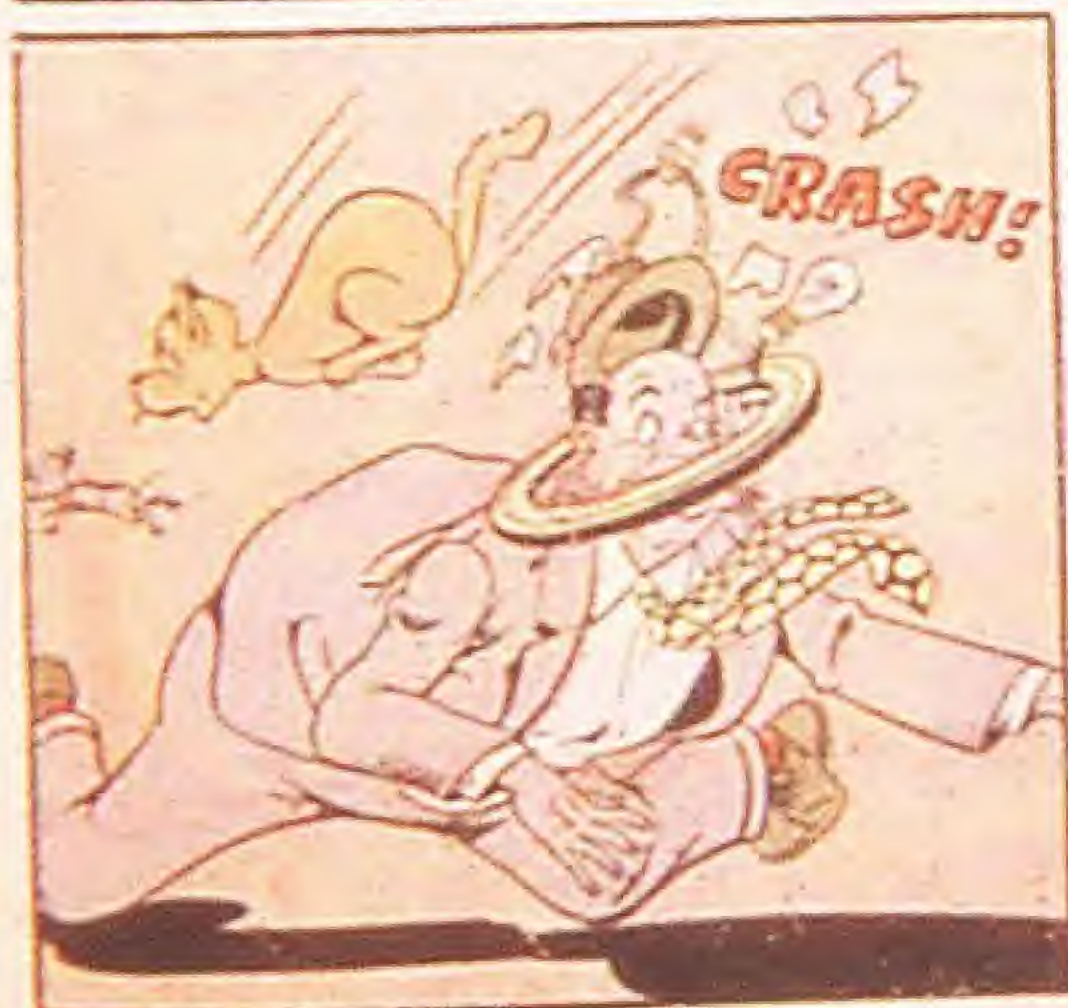






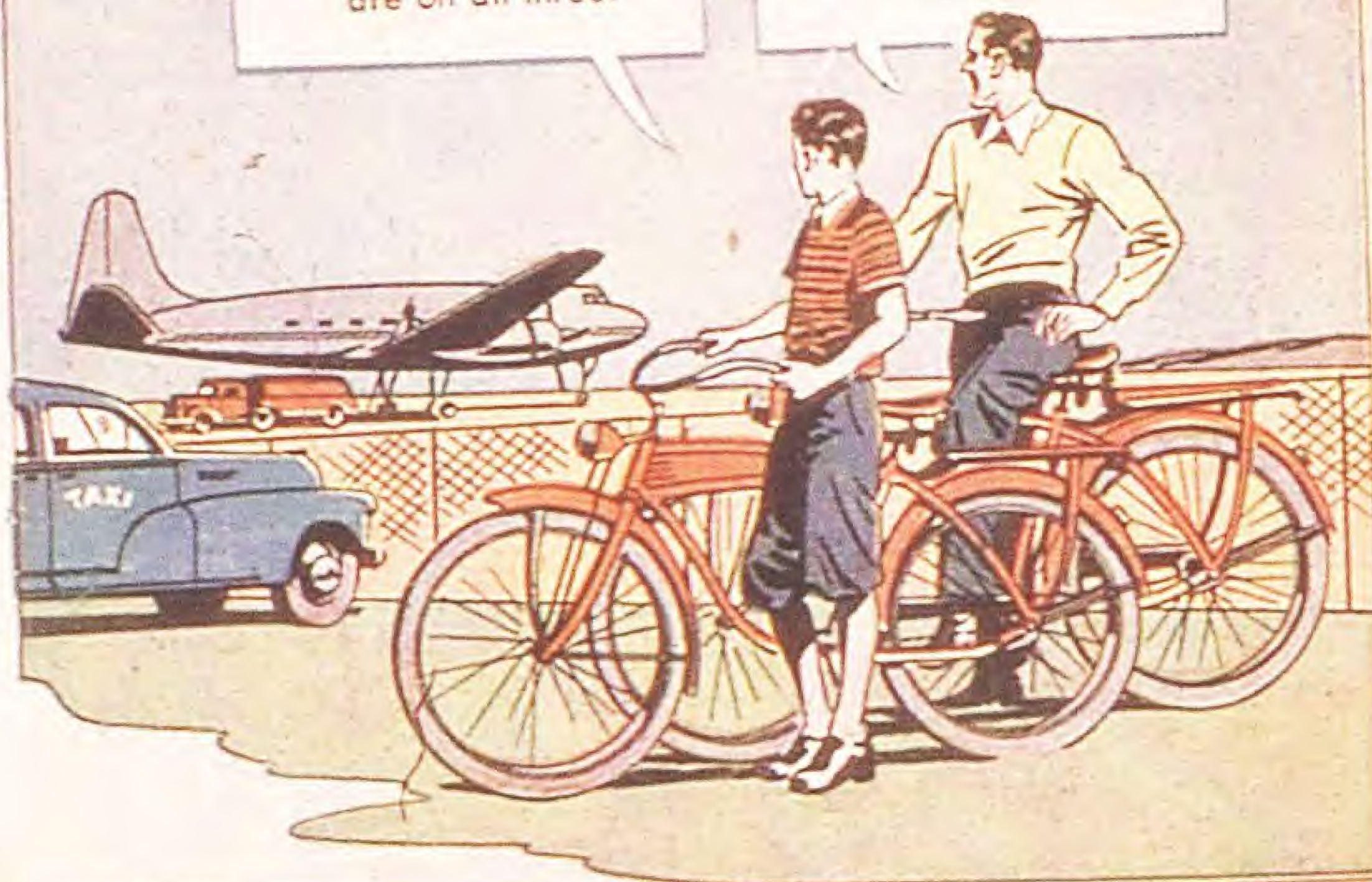






"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of
planes, cars and trucks!"



GET THE NEW

Bendix

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake.

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

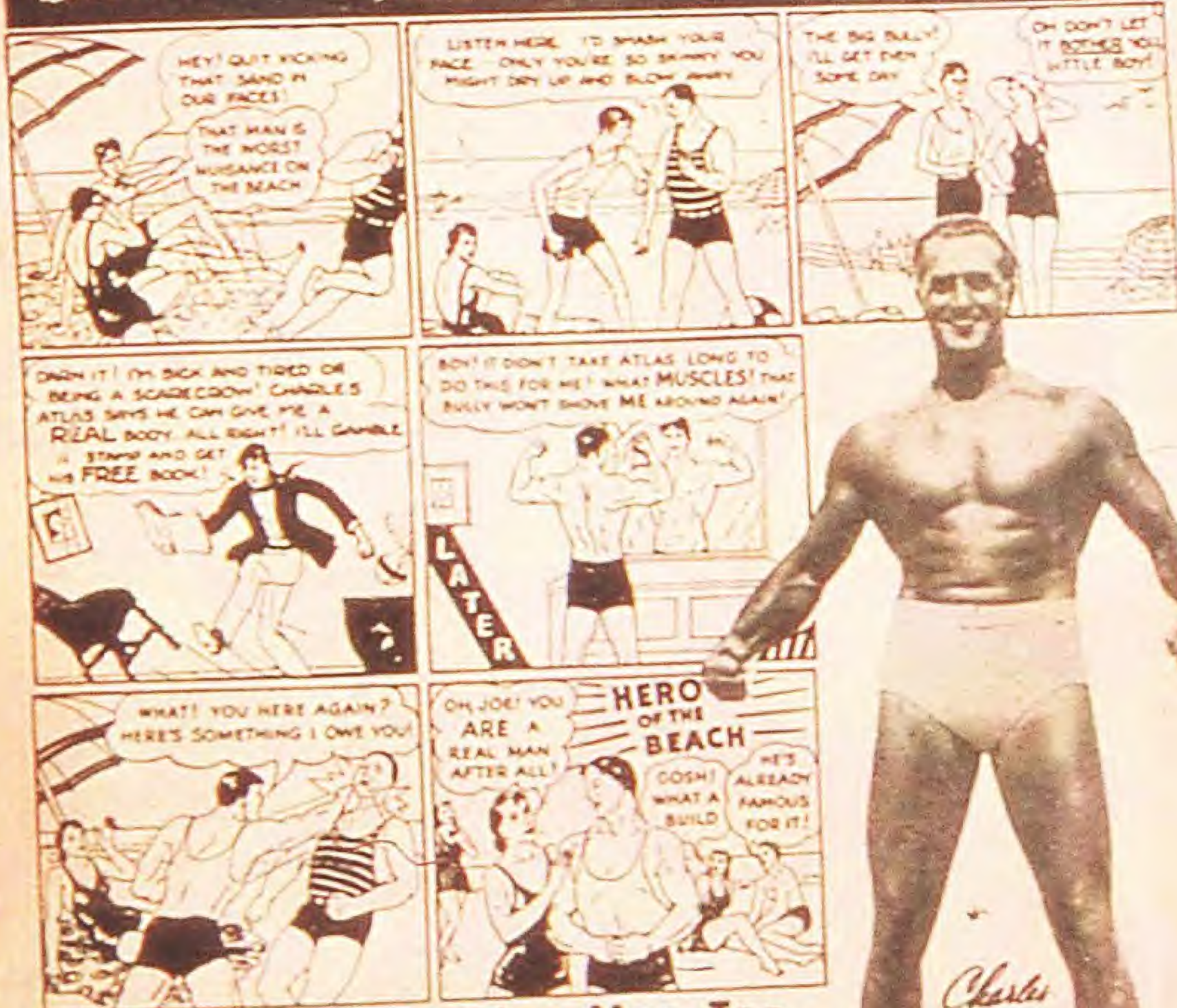
- Easy to put together and take apart
- Longer Life • Fewer Parts • Easier to Pedal
- Stops Quicker • Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around" — if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim — then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book — FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____
(if any)

Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING
The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
I'LL BE SITTING
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



YOU GO GET THE POLICE.
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE!
THEY'VE GOT THE
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS
SURE MADE THESE THUGS
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
SKO CHAIN GIVES US REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE:
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKO CHAIN"
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN
SKO CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science